Oct 5 1927

Sep 29 1927

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Postpone you'll get this (letter) by the way.

Ring up & suggest your coming or our coming, Thursday or Friday. Leonard will discuss the proofs - he is going over it.

Wednesday

(I'm so sorry about Duncan. I hope he is now all right again.

Dearest

How angelic of you to write, & I'm most grateful. I should certainly have gone to 37 had it continued to snow, as what with a broken bump & Mrs Bartholomew life was hardly worth living. But it suddenly became warm & sunny. I do hope you have two. since Sunday we have had the best weather this year — quite astonishing - I hope you have too.

Your letter has just come. No. I never said a word to Nelly about Fred, nor did Leonard. But Leonard thought she perpetrated something, & suppose Fred had given her a hint. If you like, I'll tell her not to say anything: but I'll wait till I see you.

I saw Vita who is positive - it isn't Valerie Taylor. Valerie had been staying with her. - had talked of Clive with apparent indifference: & discussed a washing belt & so on. The

mystery will be solved was I suppose: & what that the lady seems to mean by London a good deal. We went for a drive yesterday, came back through Brighton, & getting out to eat a bun ran straight into Mary – Barbara! Mary was friendly in the extreme. – Said they had been on the point of coming over to see us with Leslie Sprott. We had tea together & were all as amicable as possible. She looks, I think, a little wrinkled & arid, & seemed anxious for news. She asked after Ted had had a very Gaberty summer, upon which I said "Nothing to what the autumn's going to be!" & could only just not get rather lamely, on being cross examined, by supposing that there might be an eruption of the animals meant to break from the Zoo. However, all passed off: & she kissed me when she handed me a parking, which, remembering I had not seen her since over set to was a little queer.

As for Clive, I give him up. Among other things that day he said, as I thought, that of course you were sharing the money, which meant that he was not really much richer: in fact I understood that you had already got your share. I think it nothing happens this time Bloomsbury must present a wound rabbit. Its entrapseau of it all goes on some new parrokeet. I dont

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/08

1922

Saturday, 29th Jan.

90a

Dearest,

Your letter was extremely welcome, & devoured at once by your dear Singe, who is, it was rather, in bed with a headache; so his services to you are not worth much. I'm much better & hope to begin my usual life again on Monday. Meanwhile, only Echoes of the great world have reached me — no — I remember - I've seen Shaw since she left, & Ottoline Lytton. But don't expect any very brilliant report, though Shaw interested me profoundly. A withered hare-bell, lightly dancing on its stem — such she is. So shrunk & worn & secluded. Her age seems to weigh on her; she is about to be 50. I doubt that she is very happy. What d'ye think? Ought she to have married a drawing man? I can't remember. But she has her remarkable quality still — everything is slightly part. And I utterly distrust my own insight into character. This infantile. Lytton by the way said you were the one person who had completely understood his Care & sympathised with him. Last summer. "It was terrific". So I said yes - those

Glacier torrents, sea green & immobile on the mountain top for so many years, are now the fountains of spring - for in these words we grappled our heads to account of your astonishing powers of sympathy. She has every gift, Damn her, I said at last. Lytton agreed. He is and more a-simmer. Strachey is kind, sweet, good, divine - I am to ask him to dinner. Lytton says he likes his old friends to like his new ones. but I'm afraid we are cruel about Roger. Can one know one's friends friends, d'ye think? My poor dear Vita is now very miserable: Lord Sackville has just died. She pleases Lytton like a Knole, I think, & now this week being to an uncle with a detestable American wife, - I suppose Vita will feel entrant. Also she was very fond of her father, who was a disappointed man, never able to marry Mrs Rubens: who is now also desolate. Old Lady Sackville lit at Brighton being intolerable, wholly to live too year. Lord, Lord - I have heard from Clive, chiefly about the legs of the German ladies, which are thinner than he expected. I gather that his head is turned: I rather dread the weeks with him here, & fear away Lytton says he has mismanaged the Mary affair & had he been wise would have told Mary he had no wish to go to bed with her, in which case Mary would have reverted to him. He thanks her very

lonely & anxious to come back - She rang up & asked us to tea but I was in bed & Leonard couldn't: Lina then hear she's lunching with Ethel, & completely silent. I daresay I shall see her; but that only means putting my fingers in the fire - However, it amuses you.

We have been in great afts & downs ab the play. A brilliant American lady appeared from the blue: also a rich young or youngish man. She wanted to be ~~see~~ manager & he partner. So we engaged her, & then she said a better job had turned up: so we gave the part to old Cartwright; & now the American wants to come to us; but alas, old Cartwright is engaged, though nobly self effacing; & so we can't let her efface herself, from ~~from~~ to the stage & the American lover, & we don't know whether to take the rich youngish man or not. Where on earth does dear old Angus get his versions of Cartwright from? Plenty he would give us rustia! - but no. The wallop round the basement more energetic then ever; but I doubt her conhetera; & expect her at any moment to foam at the mouth or fire at the head.

You will be sorry, but not surprised, to hear that Leonard lamed his foot at Brighton without any difficulty first shot. I never thought he would. He almost collided with a bus, & then

Jan into a cul-de-sac unexpectedly. I see ye & Duncan are now completely, absolutely, & eternally happy. This gives me a certain amount of pain, I admit. It must be a divine joy to set in one's own regard on the two. I think I shall run out for a week or two — Life is horrid here. There's Ka coming to tea today with Mark. There's Vita wretched. There's a general mark & damp everywhere. (But don't be alarmed — I shan't come really; & I'm really quite happy; sitting over the fire; & I shall even enjoy being bored by Ka, I daresay.) Yes: trouble has already begun with Helen. We asked Roger to dinner to play chess: he rang up & said did we mean Helen to come too? I had already asked Elizabeth Bibesco, & had to say no. The party fell through, & I got a headache; but L. went to Roger, & said relations between Lm & Helen were strained. I shall now take her to tea. That will make things worse.

Have you got your clothes? God, God, how I miss you! There's nobody to chatter with — And I miss Angelica, whom I find essential to my pleasure. And I miss Duncan, whom I adore; & I miss dropping into tea; & I miss the whole atmosphere of ragamuffin delight. But I mustn't begin to complain: dogs, dolphin are lost to me lost to me. So write, & long long

Ellis. VB

NYPL
HARRIS 2/10/68

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1926

87a

52 Tavistock Sqre. Saturday
11th Feb.

Dearest,

Your letter rather depresses me – my vanity I mean. They are so expensive: Set you only dip your pen in the ink, I scarcely knew one word from another. How is it? We literary girls. Clive & I, never set your effects at all. Clive has just rung up, & we are to dine with him tomorrow & lunch on Tuesday to meet Bobo, so you see my deluge has begun. I haven't seen Mary; but I daresay she will try something new he is back again.

I am quite recovered, which shows how sensible I am, & rather wish I had an excuse to leave this shabby dreary place, where a blizzard rages so that Nelly thinks there are burglars in the roof at night. A man was standing by a van this morning when the

87a

wind blew the door open with such violence that he was struck on the head by an iron bar - carried off insensible. Bits of hoarding so whirling about perpetually; & Pinker has the lice, which means that he is soaked in methylated spirits & must not go near the fire. I have to beat her off all the time I write - so [illegible] irrelevancies - otherwise; I can think of only some few pieces of gossip. Helen came to tea, & we agreed that she always talks to her husband, & never separately. Also she says she visit silent from fear, - but from awe of you & me, & the empress her Bloomsbury Evenings thoroughly. I think there is a good deal of truth in what you say about her. She is intelligent & tart & rather a sharp tongued harlot. Wasn't it clever of me to come to terms? Of course the flatters: but then, one can forgive that, though her flattery of you runs to the outrageous. Roger says she is even more in love with you than he is — what a complicated & indecent association the

NYPL

three of 'em make together! Do 'em have Helen one way -
Roger t'other? Well well, I never reckoned 'em 3
that. This reminds me, 'em reports unknown to 'em, of
Vita, whom I saw yesterday. Complete chaos has
reigned ever since the General. Ofen I was rung up
twice at night by Wolfie with some absurd
question about Lady Sackville. That old witch
has done her best to upset everything. has insulted
Vita, made off with Marie Antoinette's
diamond necklace, won't answer ~~but~~ Lawyers letters,
& hurls up the whole will - But Vita has
twenty days, come with Lia, often pregnant, &
seems more or less composed. She chose the
drawing with the hair. The other, though beautiful
& very "young", don't, I'm sorry to say, seem to
her like. 'Ge'me ht me in' to let to Roger
by the way. He says he can make a
perfect likeness - yours are hearts dreams.
Jim I should have thought 'em such a sufficiently
prosaic view of me: Caustic, severe.

Bob Trevelyan has come in for £10,000
a year on his mothers death, & is almost

frankly with worry. His miserlmen, first on stream
when he had £500, has to be rant to cope with
£10,000. And Julian sets £100 down, as a legacy:
Mrs, Charlie Sawyer says, is more than Bob
can stand. So he's off to Italy, & good
Berry is staying to settle the affair — which
won't bring any good to anyone I suppose.
Wedmond has been given £6,000 by Oliver
Brett to start a monthly magazine with.
How bored you would be to hear all us
would be the most brilliant the most advanced
the best paid paper in the world. Also
it would make Wedmond fortune, so he says.
But I say it won't come out: now Raymond is back too,
so we shall hear about the Quarterly, I daresay.
We are dining with Ka next week, & should
have been a good deal more after a Mark, the
Keys. If Vanessa had not forgotten to pay
the telephone bill: so that they have been cut off.
They are now on again: Will is having a show; so

87c

to Roger; & I must go to both, which is hard on a quiet sedentary creature — bustling about Bond Street looking at pictures by daylight is hardly in my line.

Then I have had a most shameful & distressing interview with poor dear Tom Eliot, who may be called dead to us all from this day forward. He has become an Anglo-Catholic, believes in God & immortality, goes to church. I was really shocked. A corpse would seem to me more credible than he is. I mean, there is something obscene in a living person letting by the fire a belief in God.

But will Angelica be one two? 2

Talk of the Devil! The telephone rang at this point. Their Mary asking us to lunch tomorrow! If not lunch then tea! Anyhow do let us meet soon! So there!

One thing I'm determined — no more February, & March's in London for me. This detestable legend words this year; & then are might be sitting among tulips in the sun with

87c v

Lizard hiking over boots & Mrs Campbell talking to the Stoops. As arranged now, we leave London on March 28th. Get to Cairo in 5 or 6 days: stay there a week: & then amble back again: This will be too Early for you to come, I'm afraid: but you might try. We went to Hurst & Sales to Staines the other day: but it was more disciplined than pleasure.

Yes Angelica I saw Clinker yesterday. She is most charming: very gay: skittish, elegant, & provocative. She sent Angelica her best love, & looks forward to bring here in the summer.

So do I, tell her. I miss her inconceivably: & have Sig Witchereinas dittying on my shoulder at this moment a-whispering love songs about Angelica.

May I ride the donkey? Is it called Topsy or Duncan?[2]

Love to all the Cranbrooks

We are lunching with Mary!

We think you'll cover a great deal — one of the best — Dolbie has skill to see it.

VS.